Table of Contents

1. Prologue Of Volume One
2. Chapter One: Rosethorn's Choice
3. Chapter Two: Stained Paws
4. Chapter Three: Doubts
5. Allegiances
6. Tigerblaze's Wish
7. Chapter Two of Volume Two
8. Chapter Three of Volume Two
9. Chapter Four
10. Chapter Five of Volume Two
11. Prolouge of Volume Three
12. Chapter One
13. Chapter Two of Volume Three
14. Chapter Three of Volume Three

Prologue Of Volume One

[image]

Disclaimer: I do not own Warrior Cats. They belong to their rightful owners. All images belong to their owners.

"Did Hazelshade deserve what she got?" Blonde asked Condorpelt, concerned for her friend. Condorpelt, grief covered, shook his head. "She loved me more than I'd ever realize. And I'll never forget that. She tried to change my fate, but she failed."

•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•~•

"Hazelkit! Silverkit! Brokenkit! Stop teasing Deadkit!" Thornheart growled. Silverkit ignored him and batted Deadkit on the head before Deadkit bit his sister's paw.
"Hey!" squealed Silverkit, unsheathing her claws and scratching her brothers face. Thornheart growled at his kits and picked Silverkit up and put her on a rock and grumbled, "You're not deputy yet, young one." Hazelkit scowled at her father. He always did prefer Silverkit and Brokenkit over her and Deadkit.
"Come now kits, you're almost five moons old, which means you'll be apprentices," Thornheart mewed. Silverkit chuckled darkly and Brokenkit batted her ear. Hazelkit scowled, knowing nothing good could come from turning five moons old and being called a 'paw. Silverkit had already had her future planned out for her here in Darkclan. Rosethorn, their mother, had Silverkit first, therefore, she was the family heir. Their father, Thornheart, was going to be appointed deputy tonight after his father, Earscar, had died in a battle. Thornheart's other two mates, Petalfury and Mothclaw, had just had their litters as well, but they were three moons younger than Rosethorn's litter so it didn't matter. Silverkit was going to to deputy one day as well. Hazelkit was stuck with a warrior's and queen's life for the rest of her life. She didn't think it was fair. The moment she was made a 'paw meant being betrothed to one of Rabbitfang's kits. Flamekit was the obvious choice. She hated her

clan's dumb warrior traditions. They weren't like others clan; no, they were bred killers. Deathstar, the first leader to establish the new warrior code, began with several new rules. Number one was to make kits began warrior training at five moons, not six. The second is that cats with strong bloodlines will have their betrothals announced at apprentice ceremonies. She-cats can have one mate, while toms can have up to five. Number three is leaders is biased on family heirs. This only applies for deputies really.
The current leader, Redstar, was Thornheart's uncle and ruled with iron claws. He was declining in age, however and only had five lives left. Almost every day they were fighting another clan for territory and sport and Hazelkit didn't see herself ever doing that sorta thing.
"Hey! Hazelkit! C'mon! I wanna talk to you!" Silver meowed, shaking her sister. Hazelkit nodded and padded out of the nursery with her sister. Silverkit was a silver tabby with grey stripes all over her body, while compared to Hazelkit, Hazelkit was a tortoiseshell calico with bright green eyes.
"To think our father will be deputy by sunrise tomorrow," Silverkit mewed. Hazelkit shrugged, she wouldn't like her father being deputy one bit. He'd order cats order and get new battle scars. Most of all, Silverkit would be next in line to be leader.
"Hazelkit, our apprentice ceremony is in two sunrises, and, it'll be time for you to take responsibility as a future queen of Darkclan," Silverkit mewed, sounding way too grown up to be a four moon old kit. Hazelkit looked at her sister in awe. She wouldn't mind having kits but... Flamekit's kits? No way! And whose other kits would he father? This was the problem with being third born. Silverkit didn't have to have a mate. Brokenkit did however, because his kits'll be next in line for leader. Silverkit despised kits so lucky her.
"But I don't-" Hazelkit protested. Silverkit glared at her. "Are you questioning my orders? Your future leader's orders?" Hazelkit grunted and shrugged. Silverkit sighed.
"Your loyalty to the clan is above all things. Hazelkit, promise me, for as long as you live, you'll never help another clan gain strength," Silverkit meowed darkly. Hazelkit nodded. What an odd question.
"Good," Silverkit smiled darkly, "Now help me-" A fresh-killi-turns-into-crow-food scream rang out through the camp. It was Hawkkit, and a hawk had grabbed him.

Chapter One: Rosethorn's Choice

[image]

[Reviews make me motivated to write more. Picture goes to rightful owner, as does warriors.]
Chapter One: Rosethorn's Choice

"I said harder! Hit her like you mean it!" Onescar demanded Silverpaw as she hit Hazelpaw over and over with sheathed claws. Hazelpaw growled and batted her sister back with her own paws, until they both landed in a pile of flying fur. "Okay! Okay, enough," Onescar demanded, growling angrily, he stomped back to camp.
"Ha!" Silverpaw sneered triumphantly. Hazelpaw struggled to get to her paws, wincing from wounds her sister had given her. Hazelpaw didn't know the last time she had gone to bed without feeling bruised and battered like wolves had giving her the death shake. Silverpaw continued to cheer happily and bounced up and down. A snarl pierced the silver apprentice's lips as Thornheart, the deputy, approached. He gave a look of cruel disappointment to Hazelpaw while smiling gleefully at Silverpaw.
"How's my future 'star doing, eh?" he teased, ruffling her head. Silverpaw batted his paw away.
"I was doing fine, dad," Silverpaw meowed proudly. "Onescar's getting fed up with me beating him so he makes me beat Hazelpaw." Thornheart smirked. Hazelpaw sighed. Thornheart glared at her and called.
"I want you to drop by Flamepaw and talk to him tonight!" Hazelshade groaned at her fathers words. She hated the idea of having to spend time with the arrogant brat called Flamepaw. She would rather pull elders ticks out without mouse bike and hear them howl rather than listen to Flamepaw brag about the two rabbits he caught today.
Hazelpaw was seriously considering not even stopping by at all. She go strait to Rosethorn, complain of a bellyache and be done with it. But she was surprised when she heard Redstar yowl and call a

meeting. All three cats rushed to the scene.
"Rosethorn, you understand this is treason is several ways?" Redstar demanded of the pretty tortoiseshell she-cat. Thornheart approached with his kits closely on his trail.
"Redstar? What's going on?" Thornheart demanded. Redstar flicked his tail in annoyance from the dead tree he used to make announcements. Most cats gathered around, wondering what could have angered their leader so easily.
"Rosethorn here, thinks she's better than our little clan here," Redstar announced. He was clearly annoyed and frustrated. Several gasps of shock and disapproval filled the camp air. Hazelpaw lifted her muzzle to see the she-cat. She looked tried and desperate.
"She thinks she wants to leave!" Redstar jeered. Several cats hissed and spat. Rosethorn nodded and sighed.
"I don't belong here anymore," Rosethorn announced. "I'm not going to fight anymore." Hazelpaw stared at her mother in awe. Was it really that easy to escape the fate of this clan? Could she just walk away too? Redstar's eyebrows folded into a scowl.
"So you do wish to leave the clan? After how we supported you and-"
"And I do thank you for that, however, your support called for a payment and I don't have the means to pay you back," Rosethorn explained, a cold ring in her voice.
"All debts must be paid," Redstar argued. Several of his warrior nodded and snarled at the she-cat. Thornheart glared at Rosethorn, thinking of her betrayal.
"Oh? My four kits aren't enough for your cause?" Rosethorn growled. Her fur bristled and several other cats did as well. Hazelpaw whimpered as she wondered if her mother would be able to leave. Redstar yowled.
"Enough of this! Rosethorn is now an enemy of Darkclan! If she is ever seen of our borders again, she will be killed!" Redstar bellowed. Hazelpaw eyes widened. Would she ever she her mother again? Then with a startling yowl, Rabbitfang's launched herself at the pretty queen. A brawl broke out right in camp.
"Rosethorn!" Deadpaw screeched, fearing for his mother. Rosethorn circled Rabbitfang, fur bristling as the queens sized each other up. Redstar smirked.
"Rosethorn must make it out of our territory, and then we'll stop attacking." Thornheart flicked his tail uneasily. Rabbitfang and

Rosethorn suddenly became less hostile and Rosethorn began walking out of camp. Rabbitfang glared at her and spat in the dirt. "Are we going after her?" Rabbitfang asked, eyes surrounded with jealousy for her kits'd be deputy some day and not hers. Redstar gave a dark smirk and ordered.
"Chase her. Kill her. Bring her back to use as an example."

Chapter Two: Stained Paws

"WATCH OUT!" bellowed Brokenheart! Hazelpaw, Silverpaw, and Deadpaw all heard their brother's warning as a giant deer leapt into the air and almost trampled them. "Mouse brains!" Brokenheart snapped. "That could've killed you all!" Silverpaw let out a dark chuckle. She had grown up a lot and so has Hazelpaw. They knew that their warrior naming ceremony was at sun high but not Deadpaw's. Deadpaw had yet to pass his final assessment. Both Silverpaw and Hazelpaw had shown great skill in stalking and sneak attacks. Hazelpaw wasn't exactly very excited about this. It just meant she'd have to be a queen soon. She hated growing up. Today, she was sixteen moons and three days. She'd been so fed up with everything in the clan, she'd decided to lay around in the nursery and wait for the suffering to begin. Because after warrior training, came "queen training." Queen training was all about the kits and learning to take care of them. It was going to be torture because Rabbitfang was the head of the nursery. Rabbitfang, over the years, had had almost twelve kits, and she was expecting more. Rabbitfang, had been given option to retire as a queen and become a full time warrior. Rabbitfang had refused, for some unknown reason, and was now in charge in of terrorizing the nursery. Hazelpaw didn't even want to imagine her days training with Rabbitfang and Petalfury. Petalfury also despised being in the nursery, but didn't get a say really. Petalfury loved being a mother though. Hazelpaw didn't even know if she wanted to raise kits. Hazelpaw looked out into the woods. She could leave, right? She could slip away now and never come back. But, what would happen then? Where would she go? Would her clanmates catch her before she made out of the territory?

Hazelpaw shook her head at the thoughts that often ran free in her head. Hazelpaw knew that hoping for a different future ahead of her was useless. Everyday she thought about running away, and, she was always discouraged. She thought about running past the twoleg's nests to something beyond. She'd always wonder what it be like there. She remember the day Rosethorn was chased out of camp. The patrol said she had fell in a deep gorge by the twolegs'

nests. She remembered wanting to feel upset, but Silverpaw said that Rosethorn was a traitor and they don't feel pity for traitors. But Hazelpaw wanted to feel something more than pity... she wanted to grieve.
"Well? Are you two 'paws coming?" Brokenheart demanded. Hazelpaw followed with her tail hanging low as Silverpaw followed with pure joy.
"Today! Today, we become warriors, Hazelpaw," Silverpaw explained, she calmed down and then, the familiar aura of a serious and dark sister returned. "Today, our entire lives, the rest of our lives, our futures, lie entirely with Darkclan. Promise me all of your efforts will be made to help Darkclan and no other clan." Hazelpaw flinched. It seemed like she'd heard those words somewhere else too. "Promise me!" Silverpaw snapped. Hazelpaw backed away murmuring.
"I promise, Silverpaw. I promise!" Silverpaw smirked and flicked her tail.
"Good."
Redstar's yowled broke the silver apprentice's grin and she broke into a pace. "C'mon mouse brain or you're gonna miss your own naming ceremony!"
"I'm coming!" Hazelpaw called after her sister. Silverpaw leaped over the thorn wall, the only way into camp. Hazelpaw branches herself and leapt, her back paws grazing the thorns.
"All cats old enough to fight badgers, gather beneath battle tree," Redstar announced. Most of the clan gathered around.
"I bet it's our new deputy warrior naming ceremony," Lizardfang meowed quietly. Daisybite nodded.
"Silverpaw, come forth. You have trained hard to prove your loyalty and nothing else to Darkclan. Do you promise to fight with you life for Darkclan, and Darkclan only?"
"I do," Silverpaw meowed with her soul.
"Then from this day forth, in honor of your promise, you will be known as Silverhaze. Darkclan's ancestors admire you for your loyalty."
"That's going to be our new deputy!" Snaketooth meowed. Daisybite nodded.
"Hazelpaw?" Redstar addressed. Hazelpaw jumped and looked startled. She'd forgotten she was being made a warrior as well.
"Hazelpaw, you have trained hard to prove to your loyalty to

Darkclan and only loyalty to Darkclan. Do you promise to fight with your life for Darkclan and have undying loyalty no matter what?" Hazelpaw gulped. Could she even promise that?

Chapter Three: Doubts

Chapter Three: Doubts

"Well?" Redstar pushed. Hazelpaw's eyes dashed to her sister who's own eyes who were prompting: "Well? What are you waiting for?"
"Hazelpaw? What's taking so long?" asked Brokenheart quietly.
Hazelpaw nodded and meowed something that would shape her life.
"I do," she mewed quietly. Redstar nodded curtly and yowled.
"Then from this day forth, in honor of your promise, you will now be known as Hazelshade. Darkclan's ancestors honor you in your contributions to Darkclan." Hazelshade smiled weakly, glad she was a former warrior now, but, feeling the weight of a promise. 'It shouldn't bother me,' Hazelshade argued with herself. After all, everyone made the promises.
"Silverhaze! Hazelshade!" Brokenheart called out. The rest of the clan joined in with them. Silverhaze's red eyes narrowed as the smile on her face grew. A deadly smile of ambition.
Thornheart smiled at his daughters and he flicked his tail for the cheers to stop. Redstar growled and howled. "Unfortunately, we have lesser of the great news," Redstar murmured, his black pelt gleaming in the last of green-leaf's sun. "Earthclan has been stirring up trouble on our borders. I want to attack at dawn. Understood?"
The Darkclan knew exactly how to address such a statement. The all raised their paws, claws unsheathed, and let out battle cries. For the first time in her life, Hazelshads joined them.
-~-
"Hazelshade, baby, how's it been?" Flamefang boomed. Hazelshade groaned as did Silverhaze.
"Why can't he just leave you alone?" Silverhaze muttered.
Hazelshade groaned but then forced a smile.
"Good, honey, l was just out hunting," Hazelshade muttered through gritted teeth. Flamefang smiled.
"Hey, I'm sorry that you're going to have to train with Rabbitfang

for two whole moons. That's almost worth not having kits, right?" Flamefang joked. Hazelshade, for once, actually agreed. She just wasn't sure if she'd be proud to call Flamesky the father. Silverhaze narrowed her eyes and her sister for a moment. Flamefang smirked and headed off.
"I'll catch a rabbit for you, sweet blossom," he meowed, flirting the best he could. Hazelshade scoffed in disgust as he reached out of sight.
"Can you believe him?" she scoffed to Silverhaze. Silverhaze narrowed her eyes.
"I can see why you find him annoying, but he has strong blood that will make your kits fine warriors."
"Seriously?" Hazelshade meowed. Was the clan's needs for more vicious warriors more important than Hazelshade's happiness? Silverhaze scowled.
"Yes, seriously. You must serve your clan by providing it new members," Silverhaze explained. Hazelshade shook herself off.
"But I don't like him."
"It's for the good of clan," Silverhaze pointed out harshly.
"But the clan doesn't come before my livelihood!" Hazelshade snapped.
"Oh c'mon Hazelshade! He isn't that bad," Silverhaze insisted. "Besides, you'll feel good knowing that you'll be doing good for the clan!" Doubt lingered in Hazelsgade's eyes. Did she really want to help Darkclan and raise kits in this evil place? Though the flicker of doubt only last a second, Silverhaze caught it and immediately began to wonder why her sister wasn't prepared to help the clan in every way. The doubt would have to be eliminated. She'd have to discover what Hazelshade truly wanted.

~•~

End of Volume One: Hazelshade's Novice

~•~

Beginning of Volume Two: Hazelshade's Test.

~•~

[A/N: Sorry if this chapter's a bit short. In the next volume, they'll be a full allegiances and all the clans that'll be involved (It's more

than four). Good hunting everyone.]

Allegiances

Allegiances

Darkclan

Leader: Redstar-Black tom with red eyes
Deputy: Thornheart-yellow tabby/Bengal cat
Medicine Cat: Deathberry-a grim grey tom
Apprentice: Poisonpaw-a blue she-cat
Warriors:
Onescar-grumpy senior warrior
Lizardfang-she-cat too old for anymore kits
Apprentince: Viperpaw
Snaketooth-newly appointed tom warrior
Goldenfall-pretty she-cat. Mate of Snaketooth
Crowsong-senior she-cat warrior
Apprentice: Dirtpaw
Talontooth-tom with bright yellow coat
Apprentice: Deadpaw
Raventooth-tom with stubby tail. Mate of Daisybite
Hazelshade-tortoiseshell she-cat
Silverhaze-silver tabby she-cat. In line for deputy
Flamefang-flame pelted tom. Mate of Hazelshade
Brokenheart-brown/calico tom
Queens:
Rabbitfang-rather ugly grey she-cat
Daisybite-bright yellow she-cat
Petalfury-white she-cat
Mothclaw-fierce grey she-cat
Elders:
Rowanbite-tortoiseshell tom
Ravenwing-black tom
Borders: Earthclan, Fallclan, and Oakclan

Earthclan
Leader: Hiddenstar-brown tom

Deputy: Tigerblaze-bright orange she-cat
Medicine cat: Greypelt
Warriors:
Weaselclaw-brown gray/brown tom
Apprentice: Redpaw-tom with red stripe
Silverfoot- she-cat
Bramblefang-old tom with an odd tooth
Borders: Oakclan, Fallclan, Darkclan

Fallclan
Leader: Leafstar
Deputy: Goldstream
Medicine cat: Dovefeather
Warriors:
Runningflight
Crowclaw
Apprentice: Darkpaw
Blacktail
Borders: Darkclan, Earthclan, Oakclan

Oakclan
Leader: Pinestar
Deputy: Boneclaw
Medicine cat: Rabbitspots
Warriors:
Redleaf
Brakentail
Talonfang
Apprentice: Newpaw

Mistclan
Leader: Mistystar
Deputy: Moonstream
Medicine Cat: Stripestream
Apprentice: Lilypool
Warriors:
Swiftshadow
Wolfheart
Ravenfeather
Brokensoul

Apprentice: Seapaw
Borders: Elementclan

Iceclan:
Leader: Nightstar
Deputy: Dawnsky
Medicine Cat: Lakeheart
Apprentice:
Leafpaw
Warriors:
Swiftwillow
Pebblefur
Foxgaze
Apprentices:
Snowpaw
Borders: Seaclan, Mountainclan, Moorclan

[I do not own Mistclan or Iceclan. This is a work of fanfiction and you can find Mistclan here mist._.clan. Next chapter shall be posted soon!]

Tigerblaze's Wish

Chapter One: Tigerblaze's Wish

"It isn't fair!" screeched a orange tabby she-cat. "All of our life we hide from Darkclan! It's what our lives revolve around!" The mud brown tom she was talking to, nodded.
"I understand how you feel, Tigerblaze. That's why I chose you as deputy. You can turn this clan around," the tom rasped, feeling his age. Tigerblaze's ear pricked. "But until my last breath, Tigerblaze. I won't have you causing trouble just yet. But, before I go. Promise me something."
"Anything."
"Keep Weaselclaw away from power," Hiddenstar warned. "He's just going to be causing trouble." Tigerblaze nodded slowly. She'd always thought of Weaselclaw as a dear friend.
"Very well, anything else?"
"No, I just hope you will serve your clan well," Hiddenstar rasped. Tigerblaze sighed and nodded. She gently nuzzled the old tom and then excited the leader's den. The Earthclan's camp was almost entirely underground. Some patches of the camp's roof was covered in thick brambles, so some light shown through the camp. Tigerblaze never liked it down here, but Hiddenstar told her it was once much worse. He spoke of times when no light reached the camp at all-or no fallen log to help them reach the surface. Tigerblaze was the first deputy to be chosen that wasn't a Ground-hunter. From the moment she was a kit she hated the places where light never reached or the stuffy mud air. She was a Sun-hunter. She loved the way the trees' shade touched her back and the way the sun warmed her fur.
"So, is our new leader geared up and ready for battle?" a sneering voice chuckled. Tigerblaze turned to see a molted gray and brown tom. He was around her age, possibly younger, but he was bushy than her and smelled of a world above ground. She purred and nuzzled him.
"Now, Weaselclaw, we've discussed this; Hiddenstar is leader until he dies," Tigerblaze teased. Weaselclaw sneered.

"He's already dead. He can't lead us! Only you can, Tigerblaze," Weaselclaw meowed, his eyes wide, sparkling with ambition.
Tigerblaze chuckled at the tom.
"You're like a kit sometimes," she mewed, walking closer to the log to heaven. The log had fallen by accident, some thought it was a curse at first, butt soon showed it could help the cautious cats out into the world. They'd been forced into hiding by Darkclan, who often trampled the ground above. They had their fastest cats stand guard on a high tree. The High Trees had their middles carved out so the cats could take an entrance through the ground. If Darkclan was seen by the border, they'd bolt down their trees and ran down a long tunnel to camp. Earthclan would hide the camp entrance and cover the log with an old mint bush, hiding the cats scent.
Tigerblaze was once proud to call herself a Tree Watcher, she hadn't even trained as one. She remembered when Earscar lead a patrol across their border and Tigerblaze, instead of running like she's done every other time when Earscar lead a patrol across the border, she attacked him. She hadn't meant to kill him, but a sinkhole swallowed them up. Tigerblaze knew how to get out, but Earscar didn't. She'd almost felt sorry for him, but then her clan's Sun-hunter patrol showed up. Earthclan and Darkclan both lost their deputies that day. Tigerblaze knew she shouldn't have attacked the patrol, but she was sick and tired of Darkclan scaring her clan out of its wits.
Weaselclaw padded after Tigerblaze. "So, what're your plans for Earthclan?"
"We're keeping the tunnels."
"What?" Weaselclaw exclaimed, stopping halfway up the log. "You can't do that! We agreed that our clan cowers underneath the tunnels!"
"And Darkclan would wipe as out if we didn't have them!" Tigerblaze argued. Weaselclaw narrowed his eyes.
"Why have you starting listening to Hiddenstar? He's the one you keeps us in here!" Weaselclaw argued. "That's why we can't taste the clean air whenever we want!"
"No! Darkclan causes us to hide! Hiddenstar just keeps us safe!"
"Do you hear yourself!? You're talking like Hiddenstar! This isn't you, Tigerblaze. You've been deputy for almost eleven moons! Eleven moons has changed you!"
"The only reason why I'm talking like Hiddenstar is because he's a

wise and noble leader!" Tigerblaze argued.
"More like a wise and noble elder!" Weaselclaw snapped, pushing his way up through the log and bolting out of sight. Tigerblaze sighed. It didn't matter that she had changed, just as long as she served her clan all in the right ways.
"Ugh!" Tigerblaze groaned marching down the log. Greypelt, the old medicine cat, saw her.
"Tigerblaze? What's wrong?"
"Weaselclaw," Tigerblaze muttered to the old she-cat.
"Oh," Greypelt mewed.
"I just wish we could show our strength to Darkclan so we wouldn't have to have these tunnels!"
"Earthclan will always have these tunnels," Greypelt mewed, putting a paw on the deputy's shoulder. "But, we won't always have Darkclan trampling us. We'll have you one day."

Chapter Two of Volume Two

Chapter Two

Light kept shining amongst the cats of Darkclan as Flamefang and Brokenheart came back from patrol. Redstar greeted them, standing up from his ledge, over looking the camp. Hazelshade didn't even bother to turn her head towards them. But she did listen.
"Any thing to report?" Redstar demanded. Flamefang shook his head. But Brokenheart nodded. Flamefang gave him an odd look.
"We should tell him," Brokenheart mewed to Flamefang and Flamefang sighed. Redstar gave Flamefang an odd look.
"What's going on,Flamefang? What're you afraid to tell me?" Redstar demanded. Flamefang gulped.
"We spotted some strange activity on the Earthclan border. I-It looked like Weaselclaw was caving in a tunnel by the High Trees," Flamefang reported. "We-we thought-"
"You thought," Brokenheart corrected, glaring down at Flamefang. Flamefang glared at the warrior.
"Well, I-I thought it was just Earthclan stuff. No big deal. We see them digging tunnels all the time!" Flamefang protested. Redstar narrowed his eyes.
"I agree with Flamefang. They do dig a lot, those rats. But, why would Weaselclaw, an unground hunter, be working on a tunnel?" Redstar inquired. Flamefang's eyes widened.
Flamefang looked around as if he had been defeated. Brokemheart held a triumphant smirk. Redstar turned around and padded into the clearing in Darkclan camp.
"Perhaps, their tunnels are failing and need to close them up?" Brokemheart suggested. Redstar shook his head.
"The moles rely on those tunnels to survive! Where would they go when we take their prey if they hadn't got the tunnels?" Redstar pointed out. Flamefang's eyes narrowed in disagreement.
Hazelshade caught this. 'Does he not like to steal Earthclan prey?' she thought silently. Redstar continued. "Maybe it was to hide the

entrance to the High Tree tunnels!" Brokenheart's eyes lit up with idea.
"Maybe the wind storms moved the brambles to hide the entrance to the tunnels, so they had to close them off! And they couldn't get a cat to close it from the inside without being buried, so they sent Weaselclaw!" Brokenheart exclaimed. He got a nod of agreement from Redstar. Hazelshade narrowed her eyes. 'But that doesn't make sense! Earthclan cats block tunnels without being seen all the time! They probably make cave-ins as well! Why would they send Weaselclaw to do it in broad daylight? This doesn't add up!' Hazelshade argued with herself. She was intrupted by a voice.
"Mouse-brain!" Hazelshade turned to see the speaker. It was Lizardfang. Hazelshade groaned as the she-cat kept yowling at her.
"Yes you! Get down here! Rabbitfang needs you in the nursery! Now!" Hazelshade, groaning inwardly, got down from her perch on the rocks and hopped down to Lizardfang. Lizardfang glared at her.
"Hurry up! Daisybite's already waiting for you!" 'What is Daisybite doing training with Rabbitfang?' Hazelshade wondered. Lizardfang began walking toward the nursery and all ready Hazelshade could hear the cries of kits as Rabbitfang scolded them for something. Hazelshade didn't want to do this.
Then, Daisybite poked her head out.
"Mornin' Hazelshade," she meowed. She smiled at Lizardfang.
"Thanks for catching her for us!" Lizardfang scoffed and padded away. Hazelshade sighed and walked in. The nursery was just as she remembered it. Only, smaller.She noticed Daisybite's kits, Barkkit and Willowkit, were suckling with Rabbitfang's kits. Hazelshade met eyes with the old she-cat and she flinched. She'd always tried to avoid Rabbitfang. She knew she just get yelled at.
"You!" Rabbitfang rasped. "You're late!"
"N-not that late," Hazelshade muttered. Daisybite sighed. Petalfury was napping. 'Who's going to protect me from Rabbitfang now, Rosethorn?' Hazelshade asked to her mother. Suddenly, a deep gold she-cat came into the nursery. Rabbitfang glared at her.
"What were doing?" Rabbitfang demanded to Goldenfall. Her belly was pulp with Snaketooth's kits. Goldenfall smiled.
"O-Oh, me? Oh, I was just having Deathberry look me over. I felt my belly starting to hurt," she mewed. Rabbitfang grunted.
"Next time, ask me!" she ordered. Goldenfall let out a sigh. Rabbitfang then turned her bad attitude towards Hazelshade. "And,

you. You're late!" Hazelshade sighed again.
[A/N: Sorry it's short. Only around seven hundred words! :(Oh well, it'll get good soon.]

Chapter Three of Volume Two

Chapter Three

Silverhaze's red eyes opened to darkness, complete darkness. She growled, knowing something wasn't right. She was used to peaceful dreams with her father and, her favorite, returning to the clan after her father had passed and she was their leader. Oh course, she knew it was a long way off, but who cares when it was a dream? But this dream was like one she'd had right when grandfather had passed.
"Silverhaze... I see my calls have not been made in vain...." meowed a deep, hoarse voice. Silverhaze growled and turned.
"Grandfather... What do I owe the pleasure?" Silverhaze asked as she turned to see Earscar, who had a grim look upon his face.
"Silverhaze... I have been watching you grow stronger every day. I've seen you become a tactical fight, a strong guardian, but most importantly... A cold-blooded killer," Earscar spoke. "But, I have see that you are yet to become deputy. And Redstar has four more lives left!"
"Five," Silverhaze corrected. Earscar shook his head.
"Do you really think in the attack I was killed in, he wasn't hurt. Sure, he limped back to his den. But his wounds... killed him." Silverhaze's gaze's narrowed at her grandparent's words.
"Okay... So four lives remain? And what's your point... Earscar?" Earscar chuckled.
"You know... Silverhaze. You've always had a gift. You see, I've tried to communicate with your father like this... but, he can't reach me."
"Your point?" Silverhaze growled, loosing patience. Earscar once again chuckled.
"Well, you see. My brother and I killed our leader when we were your age, so I must assume that it is time for you to take out Redstar, correct?" Silverhaze's gaze narrowed.
"Are you crazy? He's your brother! Look, I know you wanted to be leader, but, why kill him?"
"Silverhaze, in the near future, you will have to kill one of your siblings."
"What?" Silverhaze meowed in an angry whisper. Earscar smirked

and chuckled.
"I think you are not angry at me, but are angry at the warrior whom you suspect you will have to kill."
"Who?!" Silverhaze demanded. Earscar laughed.
"You will see; for I really do not know. But, if you fail in killing them, Darkclan will fall," Earscar warned. "My brother is incapable of leading them through such tragedies, and it must be you and your father to lead them through the darkness."
"But why? What could my siblings cause to end Darkclan?" Silverhaze asked in a whisper. Earscar shrugged.
"Your Darkclan ancestors do not know exactly how, but Darkclan is already in danger," he warned. Silverhaze scoffed.
"From who exactly?"
"From every single warrior who hates it and all that we stand for!" Silverhaze was shocked at her grandfather's words and took a step back.
"Okay, so what do you need me to do?"
"First off, the sibling that will end Darkclan must have no offspring at all."
"But how exactly do I know which one is the sibling I must kill?" Earscar chuckled.
"You must give each one a test. If they pass it, they are loyal Darkclan members and can have kits and can live. The one that we end your kind must be destroyed, understood?"
"Yes, Earscar. I will inform my father of your plan as well."
"Good. For now I will continue to watch over you. I will warn you if any trouble is too close. Good luck, future star." With that Silverhaze's mind was filled with a peaceful forest and she walked back to her clan, until it was dawn.

[A/N: So sorry I haven't updated in forever! I will make a new chapter every week now (hopefull). Until next time!]

Chapter Four

[image]

Chapter Four

Hazelshade, completely exhausted, collapsed in the warrior's den. She groaned as she even thought about remembering the exhausting day of work Rabbitfang had made her do. Why would kits need their mother to bring them large rocks on sticks?
Hazelshade sighed as she curled up in her nest. She had almost fallen asleep before a little voice stirred in her head.
"Hazelshade! Hazelshade!" Hazelshade shot up with a gasp. And found herself face to face wth Deadpaw. "Hazelshade! Thank our ancestors! Silverhaze has been injured! Earthclan attacked!"
Hazelshade opened her eyes groggily. She looked up at her brother. He looked so desperate to please. He'd been an apprentice for almost a full eleven moons.
"And?" Hazelshade muttered. "Is she alright?" Deadpaw nodded.
"Yeah, but Redstar is pretty furious. He's says we're attacking right before moon-down." Hazelshade sighed. So much for sleep.
•~•

"I want to go."
"No, Silverhaze. That paw could,-" Poisonpaw lectured, but was swiftly cut off by Silverhaze.
"I'm going, no matter what you say," Silverhaze hissed. Hazelshade padded her way into Redstar's den with Deadpaw, where they were having this discussion. Redstar smiled at Silverhaze's loyalty to the clan.
"Silverhaze! What happened?" Hazelshade gasped as she saw her sister's paw and other wounds. Silverhaze looked up and glared. "Earthclan cats. I don't know who they were, but they were strong, much stronger than usual."
Hazelshade looked surprised. Earthclan? On the attack?
"Yes, it is most disturbing," Thornheart meowed. "Perhaps, they are getting tired of being the worms they are." Hazelshade seemed to understand her father's voice of anger. His father had been killed

because Earthclan revolted.
"Yes, they must be put back into place, we agreed on moon-down, correct, Silverhaze?" Redstar declared. Silverhaze nodded. "We must hit them hard. And without mercy. Thornheart, gather up warriors to make two patrols. We must hit swift and hard, but they may not expect it. And we have information on them." Hazelshade's ears perked up. Redstar gave a dark smile. "We know the location of one of their tree tunnels." 'No, no you don't,' Hazelshade argued silently. "Right now, Brokenheart is with Flamefang scouting the border," Redstar continued. 'No! Something isn't right here!' Hazelshade argued to herself. "We will send a patrol through their tunnel an right to there camp and wipe them out!" Mewls of agreement quickly filled the den. Hazelshade must've looked frightened because Redstar pointed it out. "Hazelshade, is there something wrong?" Everyone turned to her.
"No, I-I don't know if it'll be safe to go into an Earthclan tunnel, after all, aren't those things kinda prone to collapsing?" Hazelshade meowed, feeling light from the lie she told.
"Well, for Darkclan, it must have sacrifices," Deadpaw mewed, and everyone seemed to agree.
"Well alright then," Thornheart meowed, "Who wishes to come?" Deadpaw immediately volunteered as well as Silverhaze. Hazelshade sighed and agreed, despite her being so exhausted she could barely walk straight. "Good. The whole family will go." Silverhaze smiled but then it went down as fast as it went up. Hazelshade saw this and was interested in why her sister was so happy about this odd family get together. Maybe she saw it as family bonding?
Poisonpaw sighed and walked out. "Just don't get too hurt, okay?" Thornheart smiled at watched as she walked away.
"Alright, get some sleep, we'll awaken you when you it is time," Thornheart announced, heading to the Warriors den. Hazelshade sleepily followed. Silverhaze lumped with them as well as Redstar watched his family leave with a dark smile.
"Your death will be avenged at last, brother. Earthclan will be wiped out."

[A/N: Be warned!!! Chapter five is progress (maybe 44% complete) but it's going to be super long. I'm trying to get it by tonight, but in case I don't, here's chapter four!]

Chapter Five of Volume Two

Chapter Five: The First Test

Hazelshade had drifted off into restless sleep as she dreamt of nightmares. Thornheart held her back as Rabbitfang pushed Rosethorn off a cliff. She saw her falling into a shallow watery grave. But then she was thrown out of her dream. Suddenly, she saw a younger version of her father being blocked by Earscar into attacking a much younger Redstar and strange dark tabby cat that looked an awful lot like Deadpaw. This tabby cat was yelling at a she-cat, a spotted she-cat, whose head was held high despite her wounds. Thornstar was pleading to Earscar to let him through, but Earscar yelled at him and slashed his shoulder. Hazelshade was confused. Why was her father acting like this? Redstar yelled at Thornheart as well. Hazelshade couldn't be sure, but he seemed to mouth the words: "Traitor," "fox-dung," and "exile." The she-cat walked away as Thornheart seemed to become angrier and angrier until Earscar hit him again and called the she-cat back. Rabbitfang grabbed the spotted she-cat and brought her to face Thornheart. Suddenly, Hazelshade could almost hear what they were saying.

"You, -disgrace! You [th]ink you are [so] brave. -y don- ew tel[l]- you fox-"

"What does-," Thornheart spoke. The she-cat talking talking fast before Earscar hit her.

"Don't-apolo-just-why-exile!" Earscar exclaimed angrily. Her eyes suddenly had tears in them.

"I-," the rest was cut out, but whatever she said, it made all of Darkclan very angry, but shocked and angered Thornheart the most, as he slashed right across her face and yelled what seemed to be: "Get out!" as loud as possible. This she-cat ran from her angry clan and Hazelshade tried to follow her.
"Hey!" Hazelshade shouted. "Who are you?!" But the she-cat didn't stop running, she crawled through brambles and thick bushes and

never looked back. Hazelshade soon became out of breath and stopped and looked back. She wish she hadn't, as Redstar and an entire patrol of cats were right behind her. She sprinted after the mysterious she-cat for the pure sake of not getting caught. Hazelshade kept running until her paws suddenly cut themselves on hard loose rock. She was by the cliff that her mother died at. She stopped dead in her tracks as she could she could she the cliff's end. She looked over to see that it was not a shallow stream, but a rushing icy river. She looked up to the spotted she-cat was a few fox lengths further down the river. Hazelshade called out to her, but she was cut off by the dark tabby.
"So, I see that a traitor has ran to meet her demise." She glared at him.
"The only traitor I see here is you, Bloodstar," the she-cat spoke with a large amount of venom in her voice. Bloodstar? Was that Redstar and Earscar's father?
"Don't talk your way out of this one, Fox-dung. You're dying for your crimes," Bloodstar declared.
"Perhaps, perhaps not," she mewed lightly with a chuckle. Bloodstar advanced towards her, but she held her smirk high and she jumped and flipped into the icy waters below. Bloodstar growled in frustration. But shook it off as soon as his enemy was out of sight.
"Well good riddance," he growled.
"Are you sure she's dead?" Redstar asked Bloodstar. Bloodstar growled at him, annoyed.
"Yes, Redeyes, the ice will crush her or she'll drown. No cat can survive those waters." Hazelshade still watched the waters to see if my be the she-cat would return, but they were right, she was gone. Hazelshade stood, terrified of her own clan members, but they turned away into the forest and she watched them in awe.
"Hey!" she called. 'Why can't they hear me?' "Hey Redstar! Bloodstar?" She padded into the forest after them, but she suddenly felt her body collapse and her ear violently jerked. "Hey!" Hazelshade exclaimed as she opened her eyes to Deadpaw pulling her ear.
"Finally! I jumped on you and you didn't even wake up! You were mumbling too. You okay?" he asked. Hazelshade yawned.
"Yeah, just had a dream about a badger." That was a believable lie, right? Deadpaw seemed to fall for it.
"Oh, well it's time to go."

"Go?"
"Yeah, the batte with Earthclan, remember? We're going to put them in their place, don't you remember?" Deadpaw asked, which prompted him to ask again, "Are you okay, Hazelshade?"
"Yeah," she nodded, "The nightmare must've just shaken me up." She swiftly got to her paws as Deadpaw flicked his tail for her to follow. Hazelshade reluctantly followed, wondering if this plan was as good as her kin thought it was. When Hazelshade finally made it out of the den, she wished she hadn't. Warriors had lined up and were being spilt into two groups by Redstar and Thornheart. Hazelshade immediately gulped as she realized how intimidating Silverhaze looked with her new scars. Her hard red eyes seemed to gaze into Hazelshade's heart and claw it to pieces.
"Hazelshade, sleeping in I see?" Silverhaze sneered. Hazelshade sulked downward and into line.
"Rabbitfang's training gets me tired, what can I say?" Hazelshade retorted half-heartedly. Silverhaze snorted and turned around. Before giving an announcement.
"*Worm*clan thinks that they can get away with anything. Especially attacking us!" Darkclan hissed and spit at these eloquent words, clearly ready for a fight. "But fear not Darkclan warriors, tonight, before sun-rise, we attack!" The Darkclan cat's cheers filled the camp as Brokenheart, Silverhaze, Redstar, and Thornheart lead them out of camp. Hazelshade followed with the crowd as the tread out of camp and into the dark pines.
"Exciting isn't it?" Deadpaw asked with glee. Hazelshade mumbled silently a "mhm." Deadpaw was almost bouncing up and down.
"I bet it was Tigerblaze," he whispered to her. "She's always itching for a fight." Hazelshade nodded. The deputy for Earthclan was always seen by patrols. She was bold. And everyone knew Hiddenstar couldn't stay alive to keep her in control forever.
"Hazelshade, are you scared?"
"What, why?"
"I don't know. Darkclan always used to feel so safe. And now, are own sister was attacked by cowards."
"They're obviously not cowards anymore, Deadpaw. Times are changing maybe Darkclan needs to change its ways," she told him. Deadpaw completely shocked by his sister's comment lashed out at her.
"Darkclan is fine just the way it is. Only a traitor would think

differently!" Hazelshade flinched at the word traitor. He'd said just like Earscar had. She suddenly looked at Deadpaw differently. He was the runt, and still an apprentice, despite him being older than some warriors. Why wasn't he a warrior?
"I'm not a traitor," Hazelshade retorted. "Maybe changing our ways is going on the offense some times." Deadpaw lightened up at that. "Yeah, more battles mean stronger warriors!" *More battles means more deaths,* Hazelshade thought to herself. *How many cats must die for Darkclan to realize we don't need to fight some battles?* "Oh yeah, how are you and Flamefang doing? Getting ready to have some new warriors for the clan?" Hazelshade laughed and scoffed.
"No, he's still trying to flirt with me. Badly I might add."
"Well, I'm sure things'll work out," Deadpaw told her. Hazelshade nodded right before stopping at the end of the forest. There was a clearing up ahead before they reached a vast Earthclan oak forest. Rabbits normally ran here as did Sun-hunters. Silverhaze's muscles tensed.
"So this is where you saw Weaselclaw, right Flamefang?" Silverhaze asked.
"Yes, he was digging right there," he answered her, his orange coat bristling from early leaf-fall air.
"Very well," Thornheart announced. He flicked his tail and his patrol followed. Redstar followed him with caution as did Hazleshade and the rest their patrol, but something felt wrong tonight. It was like a thick fog of danger. Were they the danger? Perhaps the fog was warning Earthclan? Hazelshade shook her head of worry. *No, everything's fine. You're Darkclan, the most feared clan around. Earthclan, or Tigerblaze, won't stand a chance against us.*
Suddenly, about half way across the moor, Redstar stopped. "Wait!" he called. Everyone stopped in there tracks.
"What's wrong?" Silverhaze questioned. Her eyes narrowed towards the forest. Suddenly, she a saw a dark figure hidden in the early light. "Well, well, Tigerblaze, we meet again! Are you going to throw a cowardly attack at me again?!" Silverhaze demanded. The Darkclan patrols let out snickers and hisses.
"Pardon me, my dear. But I don't believe we've met," an old raspy voice spoke. Silverhaze was taken aback and she even let her guard down at the voice.
"And Tigerblaze is no coward," another, younger voice, spoke out. Silverhaze turned around and hissed.

"Who are you?! Where are you?!" she demanded.
"We don't play games, Earthclanner," Redstar growled. The rest of Darkclan agreed.
"This is no game. But here are the rules," the old raspy voice spoke again. "We have returned to the Warrior Code. And right now, you are on *our* territory. I will give you a chance to leave peacefully and we will not attack. However, we are prepared to defend our territory and we will not fail to drive you off." All of Darkclan laughed at these words.
"Sure you will, that's why you cower in the shadows," Thornheart taunted. The old tom in the shadows did not move or back down.
"Do you want to leave peacefully?" he asked again. Darkclan, once again, just laughed.
"No, no we don't, old tom," Redstar sneered baring his teeth. "Now why don't you step out of the shadows so you can die, maybe, not a coward." The figure did not move as more early morning light shown over the forest. Suddenly, the figure seemed to have green fur. To all of the Darkclan's horror, the cat in the shadows turned out to just be a bush.
"Impossible!" mouthed Deadpaw. Silverhaze suddenly became very angry.
"Where are they?!" she demanded. Suddenly, the ground began to rumble and feel very then underneath Hazelshade paws right before her paw went right into the ground. She immediately pulled it out and moved away from the sinkhole. Redstar immediately shrieked as his back legs and lower half fell through the ground as he was barely able to pull himself as Lizardfang was completely swallowed up by the ground.
"It's a trap!" Thornheart exclaimed running away from the group, but ran right into another cat. It was Hiddenstar who immediately pounced on him and clawed at his face. Thornheart hissed and began a fight as Weaselclaw, Bramblefang, and six other cats emerged out of the forest and immediately began fighting the frightened Darkclan cats.
Redstar easily over powered Bramblefang's attempts to force him into a cave-in. Bramblefang slashed Redstar's ears but Redstar tackled him to ground and had him pinned, but Bramblefang was quick so he rolled, racking his back claws against Redstar's belly. Redstar snarled in pain as he slashed Bramblefang's before Bramblefang escaped from his pin underneath Redstar. Bramblefang

smiled triumphantly before Silverhaze tackled him. Redstar held a smirk before laughing and patronizing the Earthclanners more. Redstar couldn't even comprehend that Hiddenstar would launch himself at Redstar and they would engage in an earth wrenching battle. Hiddenstar grabbed ahold of Redstar and his claws dug into his side.
"Get off of me you old flea-bag!" Redstar howled furiously. Thinking quickly, Redstar rolled over, trying to crush Hiddenstar. But the old tom wasn't going down without a fight. They were interlocked in a battle that seemed to shake the earth, or perhaps that was just the tunnels collapsing.
Hazelshade was thrown into chaos as soon as a grey Earthclan warrior tackled Thornheart. Brokenheart tried to pull the grey she-cat off of his father, but then a giant rolling hissing fur ball of silver and brown came crashing into the scattered cats. Hazelshade burst off farther down into the clearing, away from the collapsing ground and angry Earthclanners. Hazelshade didn't stop running until she saw something interesting. It was an old oak tree lying by the border of moor and forest. It had vines wrapping around it, keeping it from falling over. Hazelshade looked back on the battle and immediately scolded herself for running away from a battle. She almost ran back but suddenly, from the forest, burst Hiddenstar and Redstar still locked battle, fall on the tree.
Redstar stepped away from Hiddenstar hissing and spitting. "You still have the option to leave, Redstar! Leave now and my clan will see you only as cowards and not enemies." Redstar glared at Hiddenstar before springing up and howling.
"Never!" But, Hiddenstar tackled him before he could attack. The leaders went spiraling into a vine causing it to snap. The tree groaned as the two toms growled at each other underneath the tree in the mud. Hazelshade saw another vine as she mouthed, "Oh no. Oh! Oh no! Hey!" But they didn't hear her over Weaselclaw's battle cry who launched himself at the battling leaders. Suddenly, right before Weaselclaw would've been underneath the tree, a flash of dark brown hit him and pushed him aside.
"Deadpaw!" Hazelshade called, racing after her brother and Weaselclaw. Weaselclaw hasn't been expecting an attack so he was at a disadvantage already, not to mention Deadpaw was most definitely stronger than him.
Fur went flying from both battles as Weaselclaw and Deadpaw

tumbled down the moor hill. Hazelshade, having completely forgot about the the tree, followed her brother as the clashing toms battled it out.
"Stupid Darkclan fox-dung!" Weaselclaw cursed, as he landed a blow across Deadpaw's nose. Deadpaw lashed back and bit into Weaselclaw's paw. Weaselclaw howled in pain as he clawed Deadpaw's flank but Deadpaw knew what do. Deadpaw used his other paw to unbalance Weaselclaw. Weaselclaw immediately went tumbling down the moor. Once at the bottom, he hissed and spit at his enemy. Hazelshade ran up to him.
"Are you alright?!" she demanded. Blood was leaking through his nose and he just shrugged.
"Yeah, though little Earthclanner though," Deadpaw joked. Hazelshade barely had anytime to laugh at her brothers stupid joke as she was hit by Bramblefang and they both went tumbling down the hill. Luckily, it wasn't a very steep fall. Just a rocky one.
She landed with Bramblefang on top of her.
"Don't move, Darkclanner," he growled. He was covered in wounds and scars. Hazelshade growled at him.
"Well, well, well, pretty cat. How'd you end up in Darkclan," Weaselclaw sneered. Hazelshade didn't have anything to retort and it was a good thing that Deadpaw immediately dropped down on the Earthclan warrior. Bramblefang looked surprised but he didn't have much time too as Silverhaze pounced on him and they began fighting.
"Well, it looks like we meet again!" Deadpaw growled, biting Weaselclaw's neck. He bit down hard and twisted. *Oh my ancestors!* Hazelshade thought. *Is he trying to kill him?* Weaselclaw's eyes suddenly turned to slits and in a heartbeat, had his claws against Deadpaw's neck. Deadpaw gasped as Weaselclaw took the killing blow. Deadpaw fell to the ground, almost lifeless. Hazelshade gasped as she watched her brother die.
"No! No, Deadpaw, no!" She ran over to him. His eyes began to fade and his breathing slowed. Silverhaze knocked Bramblefang with the back of her paw into a stone as she ran over to Deadpaw.
"Deadpaw, Deadpaw, Deadpaw can you hear me?" Silverhaze demanded. Deadpaw rested his head against the moor's dried grass and let out his final breath. That was the first time Weaselclaw killed. "No," Silverhaze breathed. "No! Deadpaw come back!" Hazelshade let out a shaky breath as tears weld in her eyes.

"Silverhaze, he's-he's gone!" Hazelshade told her. Silverhaze's eyes turned into angry orbs. At first, she thought Silverhaze was going to take her anger out on her, but instead she screamed.
"*YOU!"* Weaselclaw, still recovering from his shock didn't have time to realize Silverhaze had struck him across the face and jumped on him. But his reflects knew to throw her off so he did.
"Leave, leave Darkclanners. Or the rest of you will meet the same as your clanmate," Weaselclaw spoke in a surprising viscous way.
"That was our littermate!" Hazelshade howled. She struck him in his ear, causing a slight notch. Weaselclaw growled but still kept his composure.
"I'm sorry he died. But he was trespassing on Earthclan territory and posing a threat. I only attacked in self defense. Now, you can leave and no further attacks will be pressed," Weaselclaw negotiated.
Silverhaze's eyes softened.
"I don't know. What do you think Hazelshade?" Silverhaze asked.
Hazelshade immediately became confused. *Why does Silverhaze need my help making a decision?* Hazelshade looked at the Earthclan warrior. He look scrawny but vicious. But she new she wasn't connecting something to his. *That's right! This monster just murdered my brother! But... Don't we kill their clanmates all the time? No! My brother's death is not a social justice! But... He was just defending what was rightfully his.* Hazelshade closed her eyes and took a deep breath.
"Alright, just let me take my brother home," Hazelshade mewed.
Silverhaze sent her a face of disapproval and shock. Weaselclaw nodded as Hazelshade picked up Deadpaw and brought him into Darkclan's territory. She picked up her dead brother and brought him home.

•~•

End of Volume Two

•~•

[A/N: I warned you it would be long! The giant fur ball was Bramblefang and Silverhaze fighting if you were confused lol. Next chapter is going to be about Hiddenstar! Also the cat on the previously chapter was Deadpaw. Chapter Two will be the battle continued. Til next time. Also o didn't go over and edit this so sorry

if there was a lot of errors!]

Prolouge of Volume Three

[image]

[Cat above is a younger Hiddenstar.]

"Greypelt, you know that's not what I meant!" Hiddenpelt pleaded.
Greypelt held her head high.
"Well what if it's my decision to become a medicine cat and not *yours.*"
"It is your decision it's just... I thought we had something," Hiddenpelt murmured sadly. Greypelt sighed.
"You know, our kits may never know they're parents, but at least we can rest at night knowing that they're safe and in peace," Greypelt muttered. "I love you, my star."
"And I love you, my silver pelt."
•~•
Greypelt watched from afar as her mentor and Hiddenpelt walked away to Mooncave, to find a long lost Starclan.
"Greypelt! Greypelt!" cheered a little voice. Greypelt looked down to see a little orange kit holding a stick.
"Look what I found! It has teeth marks on it!"
"Oh, that's adorable Tigerkit. Where'd you find it?"
"Up there!" The little kit pointed upward towards the roof of the cave.
"Silly, Tigerkit, we're Earthclan, we live underground," Greypelt murmured to the young kit. Tigerkit seemed interested in this comment as she stopped chewing on her stick.

"Really? Why?" Tigerkit asked, looking at into the medicine cats green eyes. Greypelt chuckled.

"Why do you think?" Greypelt asked, walking into her medicine cat den. "Didn't your mother tell you? I'm sure Silverfoot has told you tales of why we hide underground from the vicious Darkclan."
Tigerkit's eyes expanded even more despite the darkness.

"Darkclan? There's other clans?" Tigerkit asked. Greypelt nodded.

"Yes, and there's other leaders as well."

"More leaders than Vinestar?" Tigerkit asked, smiling. "How many are there?"

"Four. Just as there are four clans," Greypelt told the curious young kit. *Goodness, she doesn't even know that Vinestar is gone, does she?*

"Do the other clans hide underground too?" Tigerkit mewed. Greypelt shook her head chuckling. *There's oh so much she doesn't know yet,* Greypelt reminded herself.

"No, but we do all hide from Darkclan. Even Darkclan cats hide from Darkclan. It is an evil place. They steal our prey and are merciless. They'd drive us out if they could," Greypelt murmured sadly. Tigerkit's eyes widened.

"Really? Why would they do such a thing?" Tigerkit asked the old medicine cat apprentice. Greypelt sighed waving her tail.

"I don't know, Tigerkit. I don't think anyone really knows. They fear themselves more than they fear us."

"Why?"

"I don't know, who knows with such crazy and uncontrollable cats. They've terrorized us for too many hundred moons to count."

"Well someone should stand up to them," Tigerkit proclaimed. Greypelt chuckled, pitying the young kit.

"Oh I wish someone would too, Tigerkit."

"Wishing? What will wishing bring us? I'm going to be that someone. I'm going to stand up to Darkclan!"

"Tigerkit, I wish we could. But they are strong. They steal our prey, remember?" Greypelt told the young kit, letting a ripple of fear course through her body. No way was this she-cat could stand up to the entire force of Darkclan.

"Well, I'm going to stop them. One day when I'm leader, Darkclan

will fear our name!"

•~•

Hiddenstar sighed as he watched his clan dig a new water way into camp as Tigerpaw came down through the old fallen tree. *Great, just what I need. Her,* he thought to himself sarcastically. *What we she try to tell me today?*

"Hiddenstar!" Tigerpaw called, letting her orange striped coat ripple in the little light they had. "You won't believe what I saw today!" Hiddenstar rolled his eyes as he thought about Tigerpaw's irrational ideas to defeat Darkclan.

"Just a moment, Tigerpaw. I'm supervising the dig team," Hiddenstar called to her, not bothering to her eye contact. Tigerpaw wasn't about to give up. She climbed up to Highroot, a formation of roots mixed with mud.

"Hiddenstar! C'mon! You need to hear this!" She poked his leg and climbed up so she was standing next to him.

"I saw Bloodstar fall down into Barking Cliff!"

"Very interesting, Tigerpaw," Hiddenstar mewed to her, not even looking at her.

"Are you kidding me? This is a breakthrough! He could be hurt! Or dead!" Tigerpaw mewed, almost bouncing off the rock.

"What? Who?" Hiddenstar meowed with a bit of worry now.

"Oh you know, just the leader of the *clan* that *controls* our very livelihood," Tigerpaw meowed with false sweetness. Hiddenstar sighed.

"Did you *really* seen Bloodstar fall?" Hiddenstar asked with wide eyes. Tigerpaw nodded.

"Well I suppose we'll wait and see. I don't want to mess with Darkclan business!"

"What? We have an opportunity here! If Bloodstar is injured and weak, now is the time to attack!" Tigerpaw rationalized. Hiddenstar shook his head as he climbed down from Highroot.

"We can't just go off and attack. They are still stronger, Tigerpaw." Tigerpaw climbed down from Highroot and landed with a thump on the ground.

"Well what will it take for us to be stronger than them? I'm tired of living underground."

"We are Earthclan. We've always lived underground."

"No, we've always dug tunnels. We didn't start with a dirt roof over our heads. I thought there used to be more Up-Ground hunters than this."

"That was when DarkClan was different. Now it is a dark place on the surface. They would kill if they could, Tigerpaw," Hiddenstar mewed softly to her.

"Well I guess DarkClan and I have something in common. We'd both go for the kill to get what we want," Tigerpaw mewed with venom.

"Tigerpaw, don't think like that. If you think like DarkClan, you become DarkClan," Hiddenstar scolded her, swishing his tail as he looked at a wall of dirt.

"Fine!" Tigerpaw meowed through gritted teeth. "We won't hurt them, we'll just give them a show of strength to make them think of us as equals."

"No," Hiddenstar mewed as he began digging. Tigerpaw's eyes widened.

"What? Why? C'mon Hiddenstar, we have a chance to finally make DarkClan stop stealing our prey!"

"I said no," Hiddenstar mewed, his voice shaking as he dug faster. His tail twitched nervously as Tigerpaw hissed.

"Hiddenstar why? We could finally eat more birds and mice and less

bugs and worms!" Tigerpaw pleaded, growing desperate. Hiddenstar's pelt seemed to quiver as she spoke these words.

"Because we can't," Hiddenstar said as calmly as he could. He stopped digging and turned around. Tigerpaw's instantly became angry.

"Why, Hiddenstar. Why?" Heads turned from the dig team as Hiddenstar sighed.

"You wouldn't understand. You can't understand unless you know what it's like. It's DarkClan!"

"Well what is it then?!" she hissed furiously. Silverfoot gently padded up to Hiddenstar with sticks in her mouth.

"It's-"

"Hiddenstar? Is my kit causing you trouble?" Silverfoot mewed softly but firm. She flicked her tail against her beautiful fur as she put the sticks down. "I hope she isn't bothering you. It's just like any offspring of Bramblefang would be." Hiddenstar swallowed.

"Oh n-no, she's fine. She's fine," Hiddenstar murmured, surprised to hear her bad mouthing her mate. "Is everything okay with you?"

"*It's* what?" Tigerpaw growled. Silverfoot have her kit a nasty glare.

"Everything's fine," she mewed curtly. "And you Tigerpaw stop pestering Hiddenstar. He is very busy making sure we're kept safe."

"Safe. Safe?!" Tigerpaw meowed angrily. "Is that all life is to you guys?! Surviving. No. Life is more than that!" Silverfoot growled at her daughter.

"That is enough, Tigerpaw. You can't always have what you want in life," Silverfoot told her, her tail slashing furiously. Tigerpaw looked Hiddenstar right in the eyes.

"Well, you can at least try." Hiddenstar flinched and stepped back. Tigerpaw's eyes filled with an emotion that seemed to combine shock and sadness.

"You're afraid," she whispered to herself. "You're afraid of trying. Your afraid of change!"

"No," Hiddenstar denied in a whisper. "No, no I'm not."

"You've always been afraid."

"No," Hiddenstar whispered to himself. "No."

"A-and that's why you won't go after Bloodstar!" Tigerpaw screamed with tears in her eyes. "It's because you're a coward!"

"Tigerpaw!" Silverfoot scolded. "Hiddenstar is no coward!" But Hiddenstar couldn't deny the apprentice's words. He was a coward. He told himself a lie, but this lie would only last until the death of Bloodstar as it became no longer valid. Hiddenstar crawled into his den the night the DarkClan leader died and whispered to himself of how he was not a coward. He wasn't coward.

"I am not a coward. I am not a coward. I am not a coward. I am NOT a coward. I am-," Hiddenstar burst into tears. "I am a coward. I've always been a coward.
~•~

Hiddenstar watched as his clan members attacked their long-time enemies. He was so proud to be fighting Redstar, the one who was related to the one who gave him his scars. He wore his half-ear with pride now. It wasn't a symbol of defeat, just a mark of strength.

Redstar was a tough opponent as he might have been half of Hiddenstar's age. Redstar had also been trained to kill on sight and never look back. Hiddenstar was more of a pacifist coward who dug tunnels. But that didn't stop them being equally matched.

Hiddenstar remembered fighting all the way on top of a tree. His body ached and was searching for a rest, but Redstar wasn't about to let him have it.

"You have a choice, Hiddenstar," Redstar snarled. "Give up and you can run!"

"Never!" Hiddenstar tackled Redstar into a vine that was supporting

the tree. Hiddenstar crashed into the mud with Redstar standing right in front of him. Another vine snapped as two strange cats started fighting next to him. Hiddenstar didn't have to see who they were as he and Redstar began fighting again.

"You've terrorized my clan for long enough, Redstar!"

"And you're cowardly self has been pathetic for too long! Goodbye, Hiddenstar!" Redstar rose up and prepared to strike the old leader as the tree groaned and lurched downward. Redstar yowled and tried to run away. Hiddenstar first tried to get up and run but promptly fell down. His eyes widened in fear as he saw the tree's huge shadow loom over him, but his gaze turned into tranquil just as the tree hit him.

[A/N: Finished!? No lol. Sorry that this is long. Also I wrote this on a computer so, yes, the format is different. Also everyone needs to read the rest of the Shattered Ice Arch by EvilKittypet and blue_sapphire015 !! **Hopefully this story will catch up soon. Until next time!]**

Chapter One

Chapter One: Forgotten Ones

Hazelshade watched the forest of DarkClan grow around around her as she thought about the weight on her back. Her brother had been murdered in DarkClan's name. She hissed to herself through her own tears as her sister, Silverhaze, came up behind her growling.

"You surrendered. DarkClan never retreats!" Silverhaze snarled once they were out of the battled moor's sight.

"Sorry," Hazelshade meowed with her eyes glazed over with a dull sadness. "I just wanted to bring Deadpaw home." Silverhaze sighed. "I know, sister. But now Earthclan will think we are weak!" Silverhaze growled, turning around. "I'm going back."

"Fine. I'm sorry for caring about my brother more than about your stupid clan," Hazelshade hissed through pure anger. Silverhaze stopped right in her tracks. Her red eyes expanded in size and she laughed.

"Excuse me? Say that again," she meowed with her words iced with black blood. Hazelshade, far too angry to notice her sisters tone and clearly threatening posture.

"I said, Deadpaw wouldn't be dead if DarkClan hadn't sent us out on this pointless battle!" Hazelshade screamed, only to turn around to see her sister facing the other way.

"Well then, I guess I'll make Weaselclaw pay, while you do nothing to avenge him," Silverhaze leaped over a log and burst back towards the moor with her bloody claws and her killing smile. Hazelshade sighed as she trudged back to camp. She sighed and stopped to rest Deadpaw down.

"No, I don't want you to be in that terrible place forever. You can stay here. Oh Deadpaw, you don't realize how close you were to

escaping, do you? You could've been free. I-I could have staved you," Hazelshade meowed before crying. She gently grabbed some of the leaf-fall leaves and covered him, trying to have a silent vigil.

"Well, well, well what do we have here?" an unknown voice to Hazelshade spoke. Hazelshade turned around to see a tabby grey tom with a red hint throughout his fur. "Now what would a pretty she-cat such as your self be doing out here crying?" Hazelshade sniffed.

"I don't know. What's a rogue like you doing in Darkclan territory?" she growled through her tears. The tom chuckled.

"Oh, I don't know. Going wherever the wind takes me?"

"Well the wind doesn't have a great sense of direction," Hazelshade growled, unsheathing her claws and walking towards the tom. "You're in DrakClan territory, which, by the way, is one of the most vicious groups of cats ever spoken off of the tongue!" The tom just laughed.

"If I had a mouse-tail for every time someone told me that one," he meowed with a light tongue. "Tell me, is it your merry little batch of cats out there fighting?"

"Yeah, we're-we're fighting over something that isn't even ours," Hazelshade meowed, not realizing she had said it out loud. The tom smiled.

"Really? Sounds vicious to me," he murmured, slipping past her and running his head on a tree. Hazelshade sighed in sadness.

"Yeah, I'm sure it does," she mumbled so quiet not even a mouse could hear her. The tom chuckled.

"Don't worry about, I'm sure we'll all learn how to be more vicious," the tom meowed happily, scratching his forehead. "Oh yeah, that's the spot!" Hazelshade gave a small chuckle, relaxing a bit.

"Didn't catch your name, rogue," she meowed lightly. "I would like to know it if my clan kills you." The tom laughed.

"Oh if I hadn't heard *that* one before. Name's Einfari," he told her, sketching his legs. Hazleshade raised her eyebrows.

"Einfari? Where'd you get that name?" she asked, licking her paw, her tears seemed to be dry now. Einfari shrugged, obviously wanting to avoid the question.

"Don't know, don't care, but it does sound cool, doesn't it?" he asked her, picking up a purple flower. "And I'm sure your name is just as cool."

"Hazleshade," Hazelshade meowed, feeling blood pounding in her head. "Hazelshade." Einfari chuckled.

"I was right." He walked over to her and put the flower behind her ear. "You do have a pretty name." Hazelshade blushed, tucking her ears to her head.

"O-oh my name? Oh it's nothing." She gave a nervous chuckle and tripped over a root. Einfari straight up laughed at Hazelshade's clumsiness, causing Hazelshade to scowl at him. Her scowl quickly turned into a smirk.

"That's it, Einfari!" She playfully roared, causing him to show a little bit of fear. "Allow me to show you what happens to rogues who walk on DarkClan soil!" She advanced on him as Einfari caught on. He smirk and got into a hunting crouch.

"And allow *me,* dear Hazelshade, to show you what happens when a cat tries to get the best of Einfari!" Hazelshade laughed and pounced, and, to be fair, she was awfully strong but Einfari was quick and he threw her off him faster than a heartbeat. "You're going to have try harder than that Hazel-" Hazelshade tackled the tom and the went spiraling into the forest into a patch of marigold flowers. She quickly pinned him and laughed.

"Gotcha."

"Hey-hey, not fair. I was taunting. No attacks on the taunting," Einfair growled. Hazelshade giggled.

"Since when was that a rule?" she asked, getting off of him. Einfari

chuckled.

"I didn't exactly have time to go over the rules, my dear," Einfari chuckled, standing up. Hazelshade blushed slightly before regaining her composure.

"Oh, well then. You'd better be getting along," she meowed quietly, realizing once again of the battle and her brother's death. Einfari's face fell.

"What? Why? We were having so much fun!"

"I wasn't kidding when I said my clan would kill you. You'd better get moving while most of them are out fighting," she warned him, walking towards her camp. Einfari sneered.

"Well then, I'll meet you at here at the closest Moonhigh, still alive," he challenged. Hazelshade raised her eyebrows.

"Einfari I can't-"

"I'll meet you *here* at *Moonhigh*," he meowed, slipping into the forest. Hazelshade watched him go. She quickly ran off to a small stream and fell into a the swallow water, trying to get the scent off of her. She'd better go back to that battle, or else Redstar'd throw a fit. Not to mention Silverhaze, but Hazelshade's mind was clouded. *What in Darkclan's name have I gotten myself into?*

Chapter Two of Volume Three

[image]

[Cat above is Weaselclaw]
Hazelshade's body wandered to the battle, but her mind was clearly elsewhere. Hazelshade cleared the forest and saw the moor, but despite the fact that any other cat could smell the blood and the adrenaline in the air. Hazelshade lightly laughed.

Einfari, what a weird name, she told herself. *Wonder what he was doing here? Meet him at Moonhigh? Well, what kinda've DarkClan cat would meet a rogue under the moon?*

"Hazelshade!" a voice echoed. Hazelshade seemed to regain her vision as she saw Flamefang running towards her. "Oh Hazelshade! Thank our ancestors! Are you alright?" Hazelshade deadpanned.

"What? Oh, yeah I'm fine. I got confused. I got hit in the head. And-and-and." Her heart sank. "Deadpaw was killed." Flamefang flinched.

"Are you sure? Where-where is he?" Flamefang asked her, trying to support her by his paw.
"I-I don't know. I thought-thought I buried him. Then-then I remembered falling," she lied to him. *Also, maybe I also fell in love?* Flamefang sighed. He came to her side and supported her.

"We looked every where for you!"

"Why? Silverhaze was with me," Hazelshade mewed, feeling farther and farther away. *Did I really hit my head? No, of course not. What is this feeling?* Flamefang was surprised by this comment.

"Really? Last time I saw her was her chasing after Weaselclaw. Hazelshade, do you need to lie down? I think you might be in shock." Hazelshade shook her head.

"I'm fine. I promise," she murmured, before collapsing on the

ground. Flamefang growled in frustration.

"Wait here, I'm getting your good for nothing brother," he growled, running off in another direction. Hazelshade gave a love stricken sigh and giggled. She started laughing as she suddenly noticed the smell of blood and salty tears. She looked up to see cats stuck in the ground, yowling for help or some silent. Some apprentices were trying to pull them out while other were trying to treat wounds. Poisonpaw was running around trying despretely to heal cats in the ground. She turned around from a cat in the ground to reveal Lizardfang, blood dripping from the side of her skull, with the stench of death all around her.
Hazelshade immediately snapped out of her trance as she realized how many deaths and injuries there were. She stood up and backed away, only to trip on the lifeless body of Crowsong.
"Crowsong?" Hazelshade whispered to herself. "No. No. No!"
Hazelshade ran only to bump into Poisonpaw.
"Hazelshade! Goodness! Are you okay? Brokenheart said that-"
"Poisonpaw!" a loud grim voice boomed. Deathberry stood behind her and walked up to them. "What're you doing? We're supposed to be helping cats. And I'm in charge as currently Silverhaze or Redstar is here!" Hazelshade sucked in her breath. *Redstar! Oh my ancestors! The tree!* she screamed at herself. Deathberry noticed her tense stance. "Hazelshade? Are you alright dear? You seem distressed."
"Redstar!" she gasped out. "Redstar! I followed him! They-they-they were fighting!"
"Slow down, Hazelshade," Deathberry growled. "You're blabbering."
"They were fighting. They fell underneath a tree," she told them while her chest heaved up and down. "The-the-tree!"
"What about the tree?" Poisonpaw demanded, breaking her usual calm demeanor and showing panic in her eyes.
"I tried to warn them! But then Weaselclaw pounced on me! Deadpaw fought him off, but we fell down a hill! Then-then-then-"
Hazelshade suddenly remembered what happened next.
"Then?" prompted Deathberry. "Get on with it."
"Then Weaselclaw killed Deadpaw," Poisonpaw answered.
Hazelshade let out a shaky breath. "Hazelshade went into shock obviously and Silverhaze went after Weaselclaw."
"I got that part. But I still need to know two bloody things! First, what happened to Redstar?" Deathberry demanded. Hazelshade's

eyes widened and her heart raced against her ribcage.
"The-the tree fell," she whispered. Deathberry's eyes widened.
"What?! Where! We must hurry!" Poisonpaw demanded. Hazelshade stood up again.
"I can lead you to it," she told them.
"Then bloody get on with it!" Deathberry ordered. Hazelshade started running towards the tree. Poisonpaw and Deathberry followed her.
"Deathberry?"
"Yes, Poisonpaw?" Deathberry spat.
"What was the second thing?" she asked him.
"Oh. Why has Hazelshade got a bloody flower behind her ear?!"
•~•
Redstar groaned as his eyes slowly opened. His vision was clouded in a blurry red as he tried to blink. Dried blood fell from his eyes. His body ached and he could feel the lower half of himself. He tried to move but quickly realized it far too exhausting to move. Not to mention painful. He could barely breathe over the sicking smell of fresh blood. Suddenly, hot pain rippled through his veins as his mind realized what had happened. He turned his head to see the tree that had crushed him, half of his body still under it. He cried out in pain and as a plea for help. His claws extended as he clung to the grass. His eyes closed as he heard the sound of paws running.
"Redstar!" called out Deathberry. "Redstar. Oh my..." Poisonpaw stopped as she saw their leader crushed.
"Is he...?" Poisonpaw prompted. Hazelshade licked her nose.
"He's alive," she told them. Deathberry turned to her.
"How can you be sure?" he asked her. Hazelshade turned to him with hard eyes.
"Because he can't die yet." At that moment Redstar opened his eyes and coughed.
"Help!" he gasped out and the medicine cats ran to him. Hazelshade stood back as her great-uncle stared at her. She couldn't see any of herself in him. Not like she could see her father, Deadpaw, Brokenheart, or Silverhaze that is. However, the old tom surprised her. He nodded at her. Hazelshade was surprised of course and took another step back. Suddenly, more paws could be heard.
"Redstar!" Brokenheart cried. He was followed by Thornheart. "Oh Hazelshade. I'm so sorry."
"It's okay," she meowed to him. "It's not your fault."

"Uncle..." Thornheart mewed to Redstar. "I'm so sorry this happened." Redstar shook but quickly stopped and laid down. Deathberry shook his head.
"It broke his back. I don't even think he'll be able to-" Deathberry was cut off by a shriek. Weaselclaw tumbled over the log as Silverhaze leaped over it with ease.
"Scared, Weaselclaw?" she sneered. Weaselclaw was covered in wounds and one of his eyes was closed from when Silverhaze had given him his scar. Weaselclaw stepped back before another voice rang out.
"Enough. Both of you," Greypelt ordered them. "If you want your leader to survive, you must work together." Greypelt looked at Deathberry. "I will help you." Deathberry looked like he wanted to refuse the offer, but he was smarter than that.
"Very well. What would you recommend?" he asked her.
"Poppy seeds. We're going to have to pull him out."
"But what if he doesn't wake up?" Poisonpaw asked. Greypelt gave her a hard stare.
"Then he doesn't wake up, but we cannot leave him here through the night." Hazelshade's muscles tensed as she heard the old-she cat's words. Deathberry nodded.
"I agree. Very well, get on with it." Greypelt grabbed poppy seeds and quickly placed them on Redstar's tongue. Redstar lapped them up and let his head drop.
"Okay. Poisonpaw, Deathberry, and I will pull Redstar out. Everyone else needs to try to lift the tree. Okay?" Everyone seemed to nod, but Hazelshade couldn't bring herself to look at Weaselclaw. He caused a numbing sensation to go all over her. She quickly placed herself somewhat underneath the tree, as did everyone that was instructed to. "Alright! Everyone lift!" Hazelshade did her best to push the tree aside and the medicine cats were able to pull Redstar out.
Hazelshade had to stop herself from throwing up when she saw Redstar. His lower half was crushed and it was covered in blood. Hazelshade turned away as the medicine cats worked miracles on the old tom.
Silverhaze approached Hazelshade. "So you came back?"
"Yeah. I hit my head though."
"Oh. So that's why you have a flower behind your ear."
"What?!" Hazelshade exclaimed, and batted the flower to the

ground. Silverhaze laughed. Hazelshade scowled. "Sorry about that. I'm really out of it."
"Well Deathberry told me that you might has well saved Redstar's life," Silverhaze meowed. Hazelshade shrugged.
"I just remembered about the tree. Wait. Where's Hiddenstar?" Silverhaze's gaze narrowed.
"He's dead. I saw his body under the log. He someone became grosser. I told Greypelt about it she didn't seem to care. Maybe they realized what a useless leader Hiddenstar was."
"Alright!" Weaselclaw bellowed from the top of the log. "DarkClan cats must leave now. Your leader can be moved now." Silverhaze and Hazelshade both glared at the tom. *Murderer,* Hazelshade growled to herself. *You'll pay one day.*

Chapter Three of Volume Three

Chapter Three: Moonlight Meeting

The defeated DarkClan cats weren't happy to say the least. With their leader weakened and their first battle lost in a hundred moons, morale was definitely low. Hazelshade didn't really think about what had happened because she was too busy worrying about how fast the sun was setting. *Dear me, I hope I have enough time to meet Einfari.*
The DarkClan patrol was walking back to camp with their leader being carried on the back of Deathberry, whom's scowl seemed to be deeper than usual. Thornheart was shaking seeing his uncle so weak while one of his daughter's had to contain herself from laughing at Redstar's current condition. Silverhaze had an evil smile on her face constantly on the way back home, her red glowing eyes in a permanent gleam.
Hazelshade was too busy worrying about Einfari to pay attention to her sister. *What if I'm late? Ancestors forbid...* she told herself as her clan stepped into camp, with snarls on their faces. Once they were in camp, an eruption of annoyed and vicious words rang out.
"Bloody WormClan! Ruining everything!"
"Those mousebrains don't deserve any victories!"
"Why if Hiddenstar wasn't as flat as he was I'd skin 'im!"
"Quiet!" howled Desthberry. Everyone flinched in fear. Deathberry let out a nasty growl and extended his claws. "Redstar is gravely injured. I know the attack on EarthClan did not go as planned but this CANNOT change us. They are still EarthClan, and we are still DarkClan. Do not forget that." Cats of the clan seemed to calm down at this and gave Deathberry the respect he deserved. "Now, we must understand that Redstar is injured and he won't be able to lead as any longer." Some cats looks surprised at the old medicine and let out mewls of protest. "SILENCE!" Deathberry snarled. "His back legs are crushed and he will not be able to walk any longer. It is tragic, but in order to restore DarkClan to all its glory, we must be rid of the old, and place in the new." Everyone seemed to agree with the grim old cat. Thornheart had barely any objection.

"So what are you going to do with him?" Viperpaw asked.
Deathberry glared out into the crowd.
"Why we kill him of course." Protests immediately rang out and Hazelshade had to join them. They couldn't just kill Redstar, could they?
"QUIET!" Deathberry roared, extending his claws. "The only cats who can decide Redstar's fate is me, my apprentice, and the deputy. Understood?"
"Yes Deathberry," a few cats muttered. Hazelshade found herself holding her tongue. She'd never really cared for Redstar, but now he was so old and weak that he shouldn't just be killed.
"Good," Deathberry meowed. "Poisonpaw, what do you think would be best for Redstar and his clan?" Poisonpaw coward for a moment before mewling.
"I-I-I think we should put him to an honorable death. His injuries will probably kill him anyway," she whimpered. Cats protested while Deathberry looked to Thornheart.
"And you, Thornheart?" he promoted. Thornheart closed his eyes as he considered the possibilities. DarkClan hushed as the deputy made up his mind.
"I think we should give him three more sunrises left to live. Then, if he hasn't died, Silverhaze will kill him, as her pass to deputy." Gasps and murmurs rang out through the crowd as Silverhaze's eyebrows furrowed. *A deputy must pass a test?* she thought. *Why wasn't I informed?*
Hazelshade took a step back knowing that her sister would be responsible for killing Redstar. Her chest tightened as Deathberry ordered cats to go about their way. Hazelshade didn't want to see her sister or father, knowing about what that they were going to be involved in later. She walked up to Poisonpaw.
"Poisonpaw? Do you think it'd be alright if I cleared my head while I go hunting? I'd like to get away from these crowds," Hazelshade requested. Poisonpaw shrugged.
"Sure, but be back before sunrise! And make sure you bring back prey!" Poisonpaw called as Hazelshade ran off.
Hazelshade had never been happier to run away as fast as she had. The awful stench in camp was enough to make any cat want to curl into a ball and vomit, but DarkClan cats were different. They were supposed to enjoy the scent of death was supposed to make any cat from DarkClan grin as his opponent was made no more. Hazelshade

couldn't believe she's managed to stay with DarkClan as long as she had. *No, stop it,* she told herself. *There's no 'running away from DarkClan.'*
But soon, Hazelshade discovered that indeed she was, running from DarkClan once again, into the peaceful surroundings of the closure being with Einfari.

-~-~--~

Hazelshade approached the marigold field with caution. Patrols weren't uncommon, even if this was a rather strange hunting place.
"Einfari?" she whispered through her two caught mice. She wasn't going back empty handed especially with the clan as angry as it was. She crept out farther, trying not to make a sound as the sun set quietly behind her, letting her hear all noises in the grass.
"Darling what are you doing looking like you're gonna jump as soon as a beetle scurries across a rock?" Einfari asked her, causing her to flinch. He raised his body out of the thick flowers and stood up carefully from his hiding place.
"Hiding in flowers for scent masking? Clever, but hardly original," she critiqued.
"Originality loses points when it doesn't work," Einfari replied slyly, carefully walking in front of her. His eyes shown in the moonlight as every feature seemed to be illuminated by the light.
"If an idea is over used, enemies can pick up on them," Hazelshade told him. She looked away and licked her paw, trying to remain cool as her heart seemed to flutter.
"Well, huh, it seemed to hide me from you."
"I'm not your enemy."
"Oh? Is that so?" the tom cat chuckled, slipping past her. She scowled slightly.
"I haven't attacked you. What could possibly place me as your enemy?"
"Everyone's my enemy. They just don't know it yet."
"Oh? And why is that?"
"I'm a cat with an odd view of this silly world."
"Maybe you should see a different view then."
"I'd rather not. My view is alright. I wouldn't change it for the world."
"It seems to make enemies," she snapped. Her looked at her with an

odd eye.
"Your little merry group seems to have an odd view itself."
Hazelshade scowled and flexed her claws.
"I didn't choose the way they act. I follow or I die."
"I'm sure there's a better option."
"Like?" she questioned with a hopeful glint in her eye.
"Come with me. I'll show you my world. Beyond a few mountains and a few streams. Across plains and valleys and to a new world."
"Are you kidding me," she scoffed. "How long have I known you? A day? A few hours? I'm sorry, but what's the point of leaving?"
"You're clearly not happy here," Einfari told her, matter of factly.
"Oh? And how would you know?" Her tone was becoming more hostile and he huffed.
"Maybe you're right. I'm just... drawn to you..."
"Oh what is this? Some love story? I don't even know you..."
"But you must feel something, Hazelshade! It's in the air. A calling!" he pleaded.
"You're just desperate. Look, I may feel something, but leaving? How could I-"
"Ha!" he laughed.
"What?" she inquired.
"You *are* drawn to me," he laughed. She sighed.
"I must admit, you do seem like an okay tom."
"Okay? Just okay?" Einfari looked disgusted at this info.
"Ugh. You're impossible," she scoffed.
"Hey, I'll be in town for a little atleast. Shall we meet tomorrow?"
"In two suns," Hazeshade told him.
"Sounds fine. Have a fun time with that clan of yours."
"You too."
He smirked as he bounded off into the forest, leaving Hazelshade to not question her inability to use "you too properly."

[A/N: It's literally been a year but yes, I will finish this. My summer and fall were crazy and I actually had plans to publish this in may but I never pressed the button. I missed this story. Can't wait to continue.]